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STAR WARS
DARK EMPIRE II
2 OF 6

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DARK EMPIRE II

Tom Veitch Cam Kennedy

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Duel on Nar Shaddaa

Luke Skywalker has returned to Pinnacle Base with Kam Solusar, a Jedi knight he rescued from the dark side of the Force and whose father, Ranik, was murdered by Darth Vader.

Meanwhile, in a dreaded turn of events, Emperor Palpatine has again taken a youthful clone body and renewed the determination of Military Executor Sedriss and his elite Darkside Warriors.

Unaware of the Emperor's return, the leaders of the Rebel Alliance gather to hear a daring strategy: Lando Calrissian and Wedge Antilles will intercept a cargo of Imperial war droids and use them to attack the Emperor's citadel on Byss.

Luke Skywalker disagrees with the plan, but Mon Mothma overrides him and encourages Luke and Leia to continue their search for lost Jedi. As Mon Mothma says, "It is now clear that the future of the New Republic depends on the revival of the Jedi knights."

Luke and Kam Solusar plan to investigate the planet Ossus, an ancient center of Jedi culture. Leia, pregnant with her third child, will journey with Han Solo to New Alderaan to be with their twin children. En route, they will visit Nar Shaddaa in hopes of finding Vima-Da-Boda, the old woman who gave Leia an ancient Jedi lightsaber.

THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* IS EN ROUTE TO *NEW ALDERAAN*, THE SECRET PLANET WHERE HAN AND LEIA'S TWIN CHILDREN ARE BEING CARED FOR BY LEIA'S OLD FRIEND *WINTER*.

BUT THEIR FIRST STOP IS THE SPACEPORT MOON *NAR SHADDAA*, WHERE LEIA WAS GIVEN AN ANCIENT LIGHTSABER BY AN OLD WOMAN JEDI NAMED *VIMA-DA-BODA*--

--AND WHERE HAN LEARNED THE *SMUGGLER'S TRADE* AS A YOUTH!

STAR DESTROYER-- OVER THE CORELLIAN SECTOR!

JUST YOUR *LUCK*, SOLO!

HNRRAUARRNN!

I KNOW, CHEWIE-- EVER SINCE THAT *STUNT* WE PULLED ON *BYSS*, THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* HAS BEEN A *PRIORITY* IMPERIAL QUARRY!

THE IMP *SCANNERS* WILL BE TRACKING OUR APPROACH RIGHT *NOW*, HAN!

GIVE *ME* THE HELM, SOLO! I KNOW A *SECRET ROUTE* THROUGH THE OLD DUROS SECTOR!

UH... OKAY, SALLA. BUT GO *EASY* ON HER. THE DECELERATION *EQUALIZER* JUST STARTED ACTIN' UP!

HAN'S OLD GIRLFRIEND *SALLA ZEND* IS A SEASONED SPACER--

TAKING THE HELM, SHE PUSHES THE SUBSPACE ENGINES *HARD* AND DROPS THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* INTO THE RUINED *DUROS SECTOR*, UNOCCUPIED SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF THE EMPIRE!

HEY! I SAID TAKE IT EASY!

C'MON, HAN--YOU *KNOW* THIS IS THE *BEST* WAY TO LOOSEN UP A STICKY EQUALIZER!

WITH SKILL PERFECTED BY *YEARS* OF PILOTING STARSHIPS, SALLA SLOTS THE *FALCON* THROUGH IMPOSSIBLE SHAFTS AND FISSURES.

SALLA!

JUST CLOSE YER EYES, SOLO! IT'LL BE OVER IN A *SEC!*

DEEP IN THE CANYONS OF THE OLD DUROS SPACEPORT LIES A SECRET ACCESS INTO THE *CORELLIAN* ZONE...

GROTESQUE, SUB-INTELLIGENT *PREDATORS* HAUNT THESE DEPTHS.

WITH IMPERIAL PATROLS LOOKING FOR US, *VIMA* IS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT TO FIND, HAN.

WHOA-- WATCH THAT *DUCTWORK* COMIN' UP!

IMP STORMTROOPERS DON'T SCARE *ME* THAT MUCH, LEIA--

--I'M WORRIED ABOUT BUMPIN' INTO *BOBA FETT!*

AS HAN SPEAKS THESE FATEFUL WORDS, THE NOTORIOUS BOUNTY HUNTER IS BEING BULLIED BY ***ZASM KATTH*** AND ***BADDON FASS***, TWO IMPERIAL DARK-SIDE WARRIORS.

IN THE PAST, THE EMPIRE HAS ***HIRED*** YOUR SERVICES, FETT.

THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE A ***DIFFERENT*** ARRANGEMENT--YOU'LL WORK FOR ***NOTHING***.

NO ***THANKS***--

--MY PRICE HAS GONE ***UP***.

LISTEN, LITTLE MAN-- WHAT WE'RE PAYING HAS GONE ***DOWN***.

WE KNOW ***EVERYTHING*** ABOUT YOU, FETT--

WE ***KNOW*** YOU WERE AN IMPERIAL STORM-TROOPER.

WE HAVE ***PROOF*** YOU ***MURDERED*** YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER.

BACK OFF--

VADER AND ME HAD AN UNDERSTAND-ING--HE PAID ME ***WELL***, I GOT THE JOB ***DONE***.

VADER'S ***AUTHORITY*** HAS PASSED TO ***US***, BOUNTY HUNTER.

}KAK{...SHOULD HAVE GUESSED... ***DARK SIDE*** POWER--

SHALL I ***KILL*** HIM, SIRE?

NO...WE NEED HIS UNDERWORLD CONNEC-TIONS. TAKE OFF HIS ***HELMET***--I WANT TO SEE HIS ***FACE***.

NUH... UNH... IMPERIAL SCUM... WON'T WORK FOR... YOU.

EVEN A DARKSIDER SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO HARASS A FULLY ARMED BOUNTY HUNTER LIKE BOBA FETT!

YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS, FETT!

STOP HIM!

REALIZING THE NEGOTIATIONS ARE OVER, BOBA FETT DASHES FOR HIS NEWLY REPAIRED SLAVE I!

I'M GETTING A COMLINK REPORT, SIR--

--TEAM TWO HAS FOUND THE MILLENNIUM FALCON! IT'S ON THIS MOON!

GOOD! IT LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T NEED FETT'S SERVICES AFTER ALL!

LET FETT RUN. WE'LL DEAL WITH HIM LATER.

LET'S GO, MEN! I WANT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON!

THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON*, UNDER SALLA ZEND'S DEFT GUIDANCE, HAS AVOIDED THE STAR DESTROYER'S POWERFUL SCANNERS AND MADE ITS WAY TO *SHUG NINX'S REPAIR FACILITY*--

--WHERE *DARKTROOPER TEAM TWO* IS INTERROGATING SHUG'S MECHANIC *WARB* AND HIS REPAIR DROIDS.

MY GARAGE! IT'S BEEN WRECKED!

--AN' THE IMPS GOT *WARB!*

IF THEY HURT 'IM I'LL START MY *OWN* WAR WITH THE EMPIRE!

HNWARRN!

LEMME HAVE THE *CONTROLS*, WILLYA?!

HIT 'EM WITH THE BELLY GUNS, CHEWIE!

HEY, NERF-RIDER-- I CAN *HANDLE* IT!

BUT SOLO INSISTS... WHEN IT COMES TO A *FIGHT*, THE *FALCON* IS *HIS* SHIP!

HAN AND CHEWIE ARE AN UNEQUALLED *TEAM*, THEIR BATTLE INSTINCTS HONED BY YEARS OF SERVING THE *REBEL ALLIANCE*--

--UNFORTUNATELY, ONE OF *SHUG'S PRIZED CRUISERS* IS IN THE LINE OF FIRE!

WATCH IT, SOLO! BE CAREFUL WHERE YA *AIM* THAT THING!

DISMAYED AT THE *COLLATERAL DAMAGE* HE IS CAUSING, HAN AGREES TO TAKE THE BATTLE TO THE ENEMY...

COMMUNICATIONS! ALERT ZASM AND FASS!

I CAN'T GET THROUGH-- THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* IS GENERATING *CLOSE-QUARTER INTERFERENCE* ON ALL CHANNELS!

THAT'S FOR MESSIN' WITH ME DROIDS!

NICE WORK, WARB!

THE BATTLE IS QUICK AND ONE-SIDED--ALL THE CASUALTIES ARE IMPERIALS!

STANG, HAN... I JUST FINISHED PUTTIN' NEW *CARBONITE INSERTS* IN THE LIGHT-DRIVE.

I *KNEW* I SHOULD NEVER HAVE HOOKED UP WITH YOU REBS... NOW I'M *IN FOR IT.*

THAT'S OKAY FOR *YOU* TO SAY, HAN. YOU DON'T HAVE A *MILLION CREDITS* TIED UP IN EQUIPMENT!

TAKE IT EASY, SHUG... SOME THINGS ARE *MORE* IMPORTANT THAN MAKIN' A *BUCK.*

FRANKLY, SALLA, YOU OUGHT TO STOP THINKING ABOUT *YOURSELF*... AND START WORRYING ABOUT THE *FUTURE* OF THE GALAXY!

SURE... THANKS FOR THE *SERMON,* PRINCESS SOLO.

HNURRN?

LISTEN, OH HIGH-AND-MIGHTY LEIA--A COUPLE OF FIGHTS WERE OKAY...

IN FACT I *ENJOYED* HOT WIRIN' THAT *PATROL DROID* ON BYSS!

BUT SOLO HAS DESTROYED *MY BEST CRUISER*... THE ONLY SHIP I GOT LEFT IS THIS OL' BEAT-UP *SPACE TRUCK.*

THAT CRUISER WAS OUR BEST CHANCE FOR RECOVERING THE *STARLIGHT INTRUDER*--IT'LL TAKE *WEEKS* TO CATCH A RIDE ON A SHIP MAKING THE BYSS RUN!

FRRT-FZZT.

MY HEART IS BREAKING, SALLA.

YOU TWO CAN SIT AND *CRY*... HAN AND I HAVE GOT TO FIND *VIMA.*

NWUARRNGH!

RIGHT-- C'MON, CHEWIE... STOP PLAYIN' WITH THAT *DROID!* WE NEED YOU WITH *US.*

AT THAT MOMENT, ZASM KATTH AND BADDON FASS ARE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF NAR SHADDAA, HEADING FOR NINX'S GARAGE.

THEY ARE EXPECTING A FIGHT. WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THE FIGHT IS ALREADY OVER.

DARK SIDE... VIMA CAN FEEL IT...

VIMA MUST STILL HER MIND... BECOME INVISIBLE.

FORCE USER, ZASM.

VERY NEAR.

I SENSE IT TOO. DO YOU THINK IT'S A JEDI?

IT COULD BE THE OLD WOMAN OUR SPIES TOLD US ABOUT.

GRATH! BRING UP THE TURBO CANNON!

WAIT--! SEDRISS WILL WANT HER ALIVE!

SEDRISS ALREADY KNOWS ABOUT HER.

HE WANTS HER DEAD.

BUT VIMA-DA-BODA HAS NOT SURVIVED DARTH VADER'S *JEDI PURGE* WITHOUT BEING SKILLED IN *AVOIDING* THE GUNS OF THE EMPIRE!

AS THE *DARKSIDERS* RUTHLESSLY FIRE INTO THE *CROWDS*, THE OLD JEDI WOMAN TAKES THE STAIRS INTO THE *DEPTHS* OF THE *MANY-LEVELED CITY*.

THE CRUEL DARKSIDERS GO ON THEIR WAY, SATISFIED THE "*FORCE USER*" IS NO LONGER ALIVE...

...AND *ANOTHER* FORCE USER COMES ON THE DREADFUL SCENE.

THIS IS *IMPERIAL WORK*. I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE VIMA.

CHEWIE--WHY DON'T YOU GO IN THE *MELTDOWN* AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP SOME *INFO*?

MELT DOWN

HWARRNMM?

THERE ARE *THREE* FAVORITE BOUNTY-HUNTER HANGOUTS IN THE *CORELLIAN SECTOR* OF NAR SHADDAA: *THE BURNING DECK*, *THE SLAG PIT*...AND THE *MELTDOWN CAFE*.

THE FIRST TWO ARE DRINKING ESTABLISHMENTS; DISMAL, SMOKY, AND CROWDED. *THE MELTDOWN* IS A PLACE TO ENJOY A *MEAL*.

HNNNRRFF.

WHAT CAN I *GET* FOR YA, WOOK?

HNUARRN NRROON?

SORRY, I DON'T GROWL YOUR LANGUAGE. WHY DON'CHA TRY THE *HOUSE SPECIAL*...?

HNRRRH URRRN ROWNN?

GGNNRR.

HERE YA GO-- *KRAYT MILK* AND TASTY *DIANOGA PIE*.

THIS IS WHERE WE FOUND VIMA *LAST TIME* WE WERE HERE.

BUT I DON'T SENSE HER *ANY-WHERE*... I'M AFRAID SHE'S *DEAD*, HAN.

SHHH... KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN. IT'S *GANKS!* THOSE CREEPS WORK FOR THE *HUTTS*.

FORTUNATELY FOR LEIA, NOT ALL THE EYES AND EARS OF NAR SHADDAA ARE WORKING FOR THE HUTTS AND IMPERIALS.

HEY--WHAT'S GOIN' ON? DON'T GIVE AWAY OUR *CREDITS!*... NO TELLIN' HOW LONG WE'LL BE HERE.

TAKE IT EASY, HAN. YOU CAN *WIN* SOME IN A CARD GAME.

THIS FELLOW KNOWS *VIMA*... HE SAYS SHE'S GONE TO THE *BOTTOM* LEVELS OF THE CITY... HE SAYS SHE *LIVES* DOWN THERE.

I DOUBT IT... THERE'RE THINGS DOWN THERE THAT'LL *EAT* A WOOKIEE IN THREE BITES... EVEN *TWO* BITES!

UH-OH. THANKS TO YER FRIEND, THE *GANKS* HAVE SPOTTED US!

NUTO VA *TOOTA*.

NYEH?

NE CHUTA! KA HUTTA BOUNTIKA!

WE'RE IN THE COOKER NOW--THE GANK WANTS US TO SURRENDER TO THE HUTTS!

(READY DEAR?)

(READY.)

HAN AND LEIA HAVE A CONTINGENCY PLAN FOR THESE SITUATIONS:

HIT 'EM!

YOU TWO GANKS AIN'T PUTTIN' ANY MORE FLOWERS ON JABBA'S GRAVE!

AS LEIA FIRES FROM UNDER HAN'S RAISED ARM, THE GANKS GO DOWN--

--BUT GANK KILLERS RUN IN PACKS!

GREAT-- MORE GANKS!

CHEWIE!! WHAT'S KEEPIN' YA?!

DOWN!

POOR CHEWBACCA IS FINDING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN!

NRAAGGNNN!

YA FIND OUT ANYTHING, PAL?

NWHARRNN!

MORE BOUNTY HUNTERS! LET'S MOVE!

THE ONLY INFORMATION CHEWIE HAS LEARNED IS THAT THE *BOUNTY* ON HAN AND LEIA HAS *DOUBLED* AGAIN!

EVERYBODY ON NAR SHADDAA IS THINKING ABOUT BUYING A MOON AND *RETIRING* FROM THE SMUGGLER'S LIFE!

THE SITUATION HAS GROWN *VERY* COMPETITIVE AND VERY *DEADLY*--FOR HUNTERS AS WELL AS HUNTED!

ELUDING THEIR CONTENTIOUS PURSUERS, HAN, LEIA, AND CHEWIE HURRY BACK TO SHUG'S GARAGE... BUT THE PLACE IS STRANGELY *DESERTED*.

SHUG? SALLA?

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

THE *IMPERIALS* MUST HAVE GOT SHUG AND SALLA WHILE WE WERE GONE!

NNAWARRN!

LEIA IS RIGHT--DARKSIDERS ZASM AND FASS HAVE BEEN AND GONE, TAKING THEIR DEAD WITH THEM--

--AND LEAVING A *GUARD* POSTED ON THE *FALCON*!

HNNRAWWR!

JUST WHAT I NEED-- *IMPS* MESSIN' WITH THE *FALCON*!

ONE THING FOR SURE, *THESE* GUYS AREN'T GOING TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED HERE.

HNR?

SOLO... KLK... WRR... THANKS FOR SAVING ME.

ONE OF SHUG'S MECHANIC DROIDS HAS A MESSAGE FOR HAN AND LEIA.

KLK... SHUG AND SALLA SAID TO TELL YOU... WHRR ...THEY LEFT THE MOON FOR GOOD...

...SAID YOU OUGHT TO WHRRR ... KLK... THINK ABOUT... KLK...

...GIVING UP THE... WRRZT... REBELLION AND MAKING SOME... KZZT... MONEY.

SO MUCH FOR YOUR FRIENDS, HAN. WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW.

YEAH. GUESS WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, SALLA AND SHUG DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO BE REBELS ... OR HELP THE JEDI.

C'MON ... LET'S FIRE UP THE FALCON AND FIND VIMA.

RUN A SYSTEMS CHECK, CHEWIE--I GOTTA FEELIN' THOSE IMPS WERE MESSIN' WITH THE NAVICOMPUTER!

WHNNUARRN!

THE SECRET ACCESS TO SHUG NINX'S REPAIR FACILITY IS A CONSTRUCTION MODULE FROM A DEATH STAR PROTOTYPE: A KILOMETERS-LONG CHUTE THAT CUTS THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY.

A BLAZING ADVERTISING HOLOSCREEN MASKS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHUTE...

BOBA FETT KNOWS ABOUT THE SECRET ENTRANCE--AND HE HAS GUESSED WHERE TO FIND THE FALCON.

I KNEW SOLO WOULD OUT-MANEUVER THOSE DARK-SIDE IDIOTS--

--THE HUTT BOUNTY BELONGS TO ME!

HEY-- AIN'T THAT SLAVE I?

AS BOBA FETT'S *SLAVE I* ENTERS THE CHUTE AT HIGH ACCELERATION, IT MEETS THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* COMING THE OTHER WAY!

LIKE SOME KIND OF DEADLY GALACTIC *CHICKEN-RACE*, THE TWO POWERFUL STARSHIPS HOLD TO THEIR *COLLISION COURSE!*

HAN! CHANGE COURSE! WE'RE GOING TO *HIT HIM!*

FETT'S SHIP IS A PIECE OF SECOND-RATE *SCRAP!*

HANG ON-- *I'M TAKIN' HIM APART!*

NHNUARRR!

GOT HIM!

DESPITE THE LOSS OF A STABILIZER, FETT MANAGES TO CONTROL *SLAVE I* AS IT CAREENS OFF THE WALLS OF THE CHUTE...

SLAVE I'S STILL A GOOD SHIP--

--MY NEW *INCOM SHIELDS* WILL LIMIT THE DAMAGE!

SOLO IS NOT SO FORTUNATE...

THAT'S STRANGE... WE JUST *LOST* ALL SENSOR FREQUENCIES!

FORWARD FIRE, CHEWIE! WE'RE GONNA HIT THE APERTURE!

--AND HEADS FOR THE DEPTHS!

OKAY--THAT WAS THE *EASY* PART. NOW LET'S FIND VIMA!

BLASTING ITS WAY THROUGH THE ENTRANCE, THE *FALCON* EMERGES SAFELY INTO THE CITY CANYONS--

AN HOUR LATER, AFTER TAKING SEVEN *WRONG TURNS*, THE *FALCON* TOUCHES DOWN IN THE *DEEPEST LEVEL* OF THE SPACEPORT CITY.

YES, VIMA'S DOWN HERE, HAN. I CAN *SENSE* HER.

YEAH... AND I SENSE *TROUBLE*.

WATCH IT-- MAN-EATING *VRBLTHER!*

SNYYNARRL!

NNRRRRRGH!

SNYYNARRL!

YOU'D BETTER PUT SOMETHING ON THIS, CHEWIE -- WE'LL GO ON AHEAD.

WE NEED SOMEBODY TO GUARD THE *FALCON* ANYWAY, WITH ALL THIS *WILDLIFE* HANGING AROUND.

NNRRGH!

HNNNF.

USING HER EXPANDING *JEDI ABILITIES*, LEIA LEADS HAN TO A LONG-ABANDONED *SAIL BARGE FACTORY*...

SHE'S IN *HERE*, HAN.

OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO. BUT KEEP YOUR *BLASTER* READY.

NO TELLIN' WHAT KIND OF BOTTOM FEEDERS SHE KEEPS FOR *PETS*.

VIMA-DA-BODA, MANY GENERATIONS DESCENDED FROM THE GREAT JEDI *NOMI SUNRIDER*, STILL LIVES IN FEAR OF THE WRATH OF VADER!

BUT VIMA'S *JEDI SENSES* ARE CLEAR ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE LEIA'S LIGHT-SIDE STRENGTH...

JEDI! JEDI!

WE'RE TAKING YOU *WITH* US... WILL YOU COME *WITH* US?

SHE CARRIES *GREAT JEDI* IN HER WOMB... VIMA NOT *WORTHY* TO SERVE GREAT JEDI.

HOLD IT--SOMEBODY'S COMIN'... PROBABLY *CHEWIE*. THOUGHT I *TOLD* HIM TO STAY WITH THE SHIP--

SOMEONE IS COMING--

--BUT IT'S NOT THE WOOKIEE.

BOBA FETT!

MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF, SOLO--!

STAY UNDER COVER, LEIA-- LET ME HANDLE THIS!

BOBA FETT'S BARRAGE OF BLASTER FIRE IS DESIGNED TO KEEP HIS QUARRY PINNED DOWN WHILE HE NEGOTIATES!

I'M BLOCKING THE ONLY ENTRANCE--

--IF YOU LET ME TAKE YOU ALIVE TO THE HUTTS, YOU'LL STILL HAVE A CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

MAYBE I'LL EVEN CUT YOU A PIECE OF THE BOUNTY--!

IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL-- EH?

SOME SAY IT IS MOST FOOLISH TO ATTACK A BOUNTY HUNTER OF FETT'S STATURE WITHOUT ARMOR OR A BLASTER.

THEY ARE RIGHT.

NNRRA-RRRGH!!

CHEWBACCA'S FEARLESS CHARGE ENDS WITH A VICIOUS *BLASTER WOUND* IN HIS SIDE!

THE WOOK'S *DEAD*, SOLO--GIVE YOURSELF UP OR THE *SAME* GOES FOR YOU!

IF CHEWIE'S *HURT*, YOU CAN START KISSIN' YOUR MOTHER'S PICTURE *GOOD-BYE*, FETT!

HNNRFF.

HNRRRGGH!

--UH?

LEAVE MY JET PACK ALONE, YA ANIMAL!

HIS *HELMET* RIPPED OFF BY THE POWERFUL WOOKIEE, FETT *ROCKETS* UP INTO THE GLOOMY WAREHOUSE--

--AND DOESN'T *STOP* UNTIL HE FINDS THE *ROOF!*

I HEAR GROANING... FETT'S STILL ALIVE.

YOU'RE LUCKY... JUST A FLESH WOUND, PAL. LET'S GET BACK TO THE SHIP AND *JUMP* OFF THIS MOON.

HNNARNNN!

CHEWBACCA HAS A TROPHY --THE *MANDALORIAN WAR HELMET* OF BOBA FETT!

WITH *VIMA-DA-BODA* ON BOARD, THE *MILLENNIUM FALCON* HEADS FOR FREEDOM -- AND THIS TIME HAN *KNOWS* THE ROUTE!

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE *FALCON* SHOOTS PAST THE *CONTROL TOWER* WHERE *MAKO SPINCE* STILL OVERSEES SECTOR SPACE TRAFFIC...

SOLO--THAT *YOU*? I HOPE SO, 'CAUSE THE *REWARD MONEY* IS GOING TO LOOK AWFULLY GOOD!

ATTENTION! TRAFFIC CONTROL TO STAR DESTROYER-- I'VE GOT YOUR *QUARRY* ON MY SCREENS.

ABOARD THE STAR DESTROYER *INVINCIBLE*, DARKSIDERS ZASM AND FASS ARE GLEEFUL.

YES! THAT'S THEM!

TRACTOR BEAM!

TRACTOR BEAM ENGAGED AND INTENSIFYING, SIR.

UH-OH. FEEL *THAT*? THEY SPOTTED US! LOAD UP THE ENGINES, CHEWIE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE PATH OF THAT *TRACTOR BEAM!*

MAKO... I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

SORRY, OLD BUDDY. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO GET AWAY *LAST* TIME.

YOU SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE COME BACK TO *NAR SHADDAA!*

ENGINES STRAINING, THE *FALCON* MANAGES TO DUCK BEHIND THE TRAFFIC CONTROL PYLON...

SOLO! WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!* TH' IMP TRACTOR BEAM IS PULLIN' THE *RIVETS* OUT OF THE WALLS!

SORRY, "OLD BUDDY"-- YOU SHOULD HAVE RETIRED WHILE YOU HAD A CHANCE--!

UNCONCERNED WITH THE FATE OF MAKO SPINCE, ZASM KATTH ORDERS THE TRACTOR BEAM TO FULL STRENGTH...

THANKS FOR NUTHIN', SOLO

-BYE, MAKO!

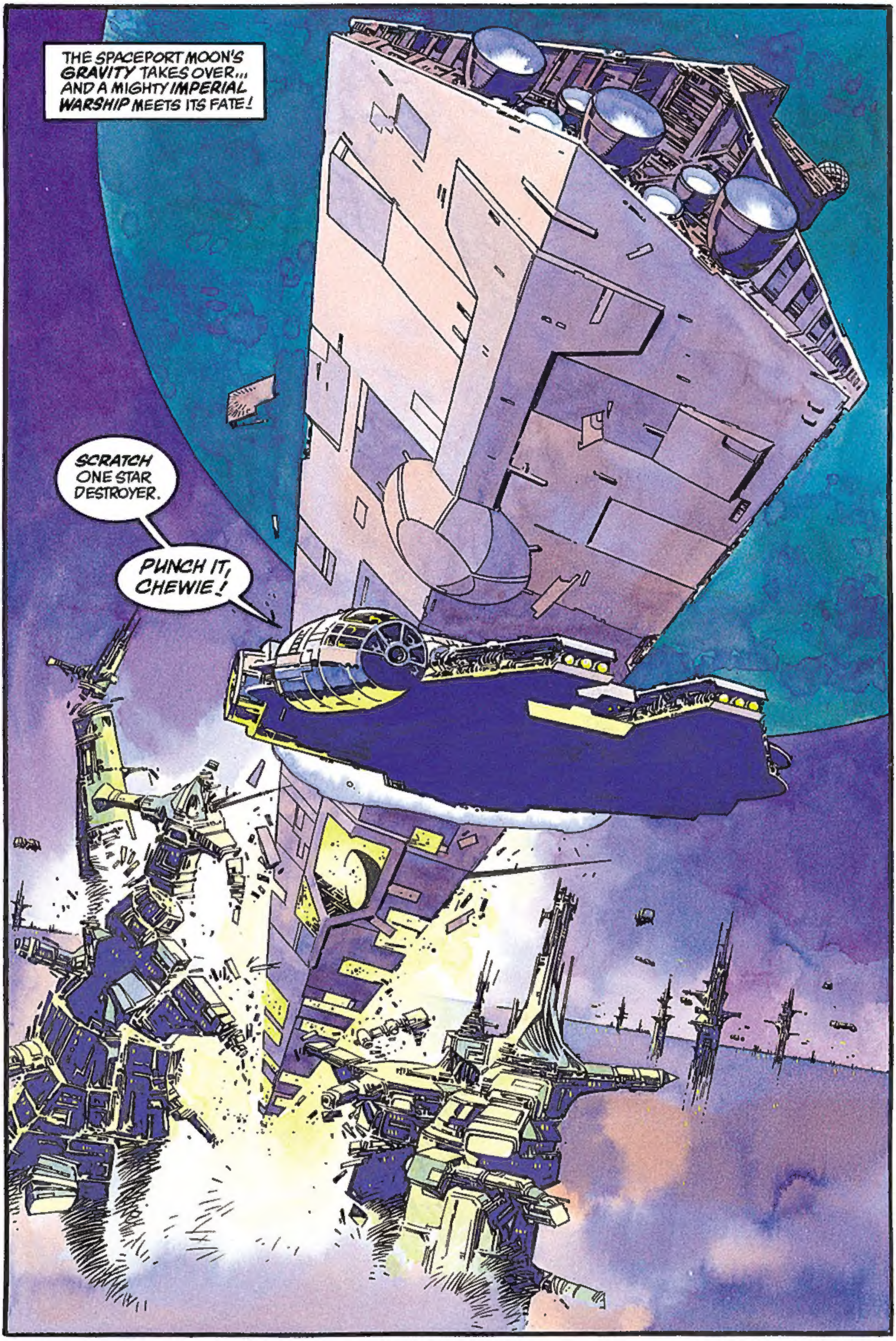
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE DARK-SIDERS AND THEIR CREW, ZASM'S ORDER IS A FATAL MISTAKE!

ENGINEER! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?!

TAKE US TO HIGH ORBIT AT ONCE!

THE ENGINEERS ARE DEAD, SIR--

--THE MAIN THRUSTERS ARE GONE!


THE SPACEPORT MOON'S GRAVITY TAKES OVER... AND A MIGHTY IMPERIAL WARSHIP MEETS ITS FATE!
SCRATCH ONE STAR DESTROYER.
PUNCH IT, CHEWIE!

SON OF ULTRON